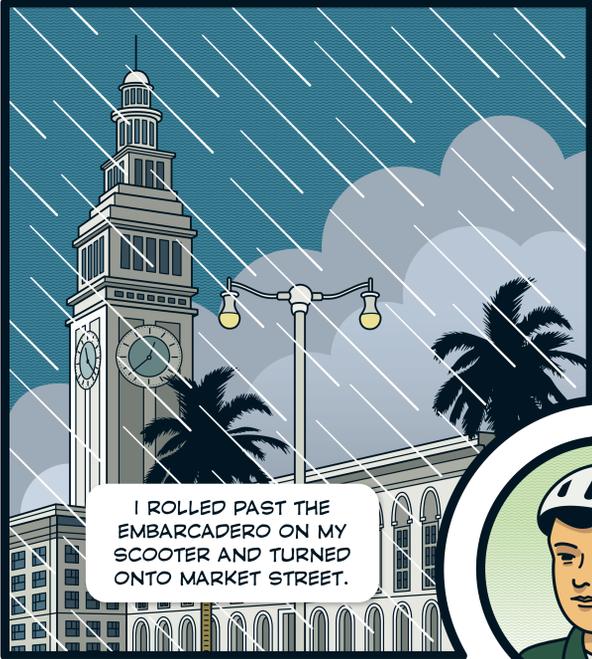
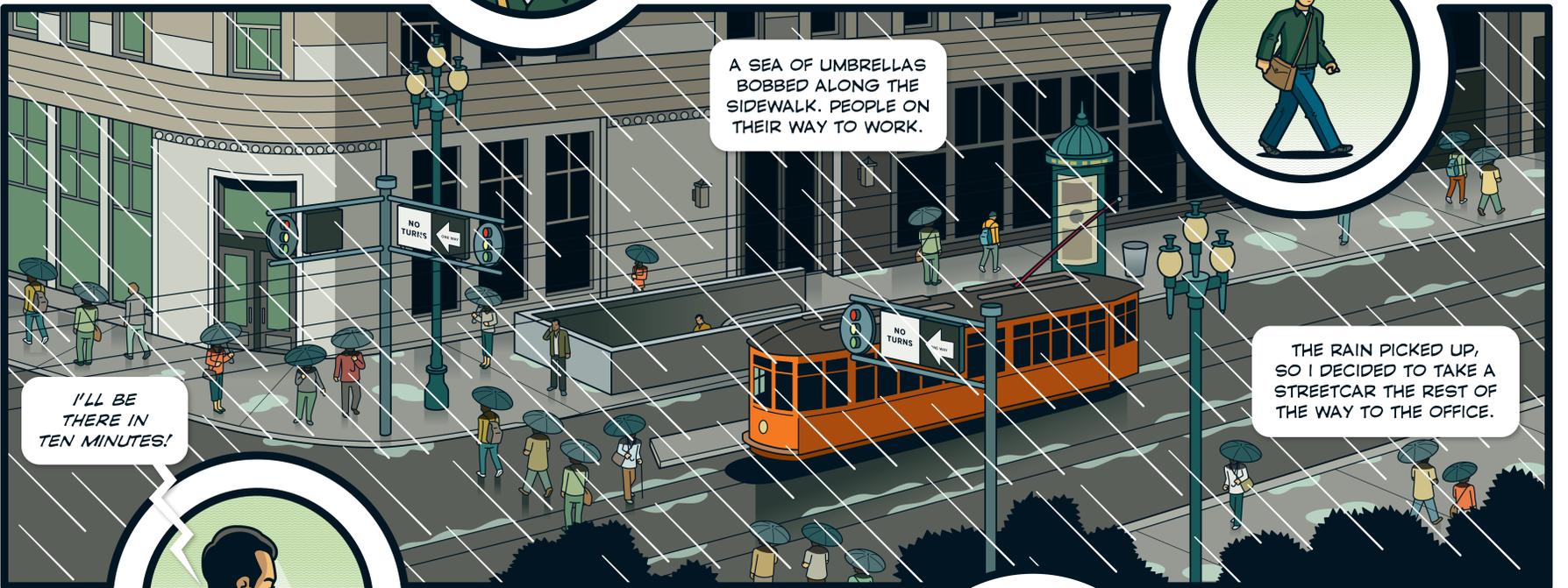


RAINY DAY MARKET STREET BLUES



I ROLLED PAST THE EMBARCADERO ON MY SCOOTER AND TURNED ONTO MARKET STREET.

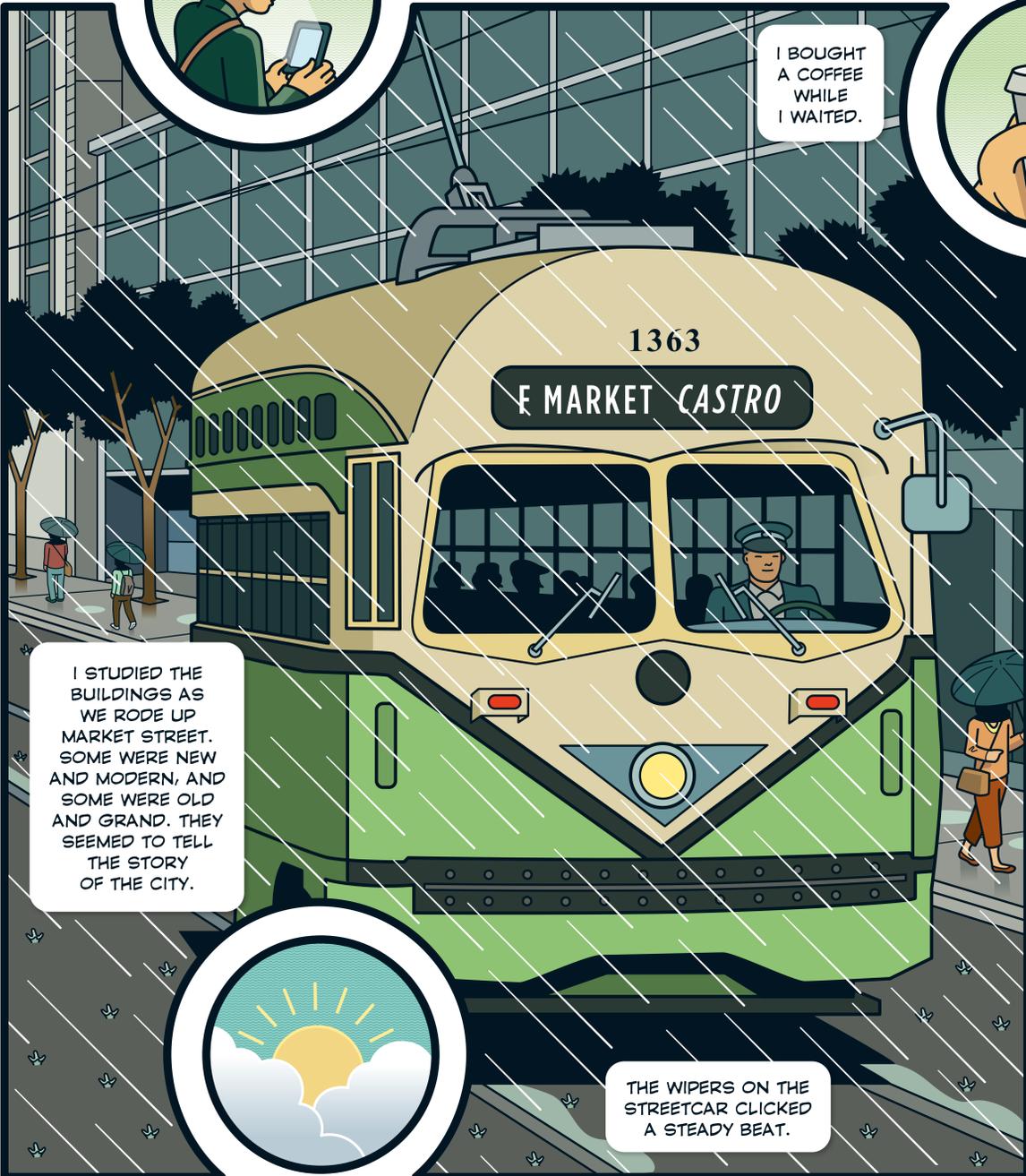


A SEA OF UMBRELLAS BOBBED ALONG THE SIDEWALK. PEOPLE ON THEIR WAY TO WORK.



I'LL BE THERE IN TEN MINUTES!

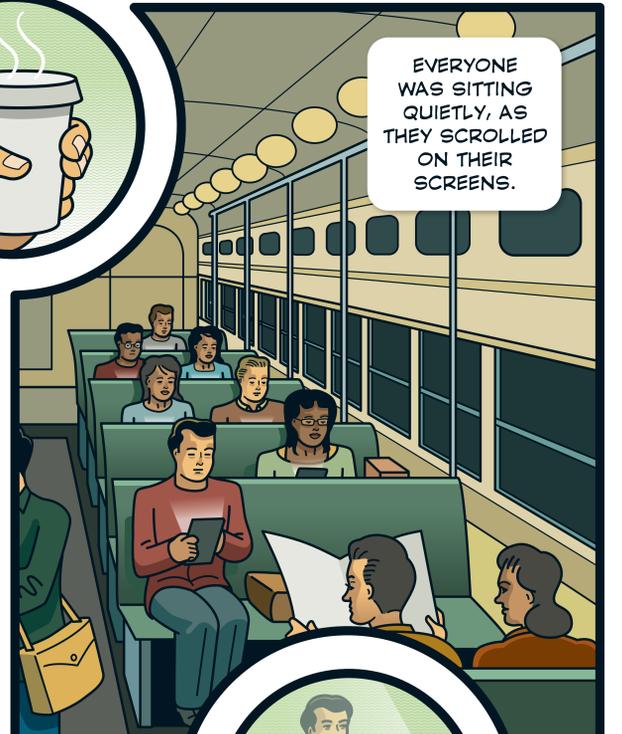
THE RAIN PICKED UP, SO I DECIDED TO TAKE A STREETCAR THE REST OF THE WAY TO THE OFFICE.



I BOUGHT A COFFEE WHILE I WAITED.



EVERYONE WAS SITTING QUIETLY, AS THEY SCROLLED ON THEIR SCREENS.



I STUDIED THE BUILDINGS AS WE RODE UP MARKET STREET. SOME WERE NEW AND MODERN, AND SOME WERE OLD AND GRAND. THEY SEEMED TO TELL THE STORY OF THE CITY.



THE WIPERS ON THE STREETCAR CLICKED A STEADY BEAT.



THE RAIN DAMPENED THE SOUNDS OF THE CITY...

...AND ALLOWED SPACE FOR MY OWN SUNNY DAYDREAMS.

TWO STOPS PAST POWELL

I TAKE BART'S RED LINE FROM NORTH BERKELEY TO POWELL STREET.



FIVE DAYS A WEEK, FOR THE LAST FOURTEEN YEARS.



LAST WEEK SOMETHING STRANGE HAPPENED... I MISSED MY STOP.



I HAVE NO IDEA HOW THAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED.

...I GOT OFF AT 16TH AND MISSION AND WALKED BACK.

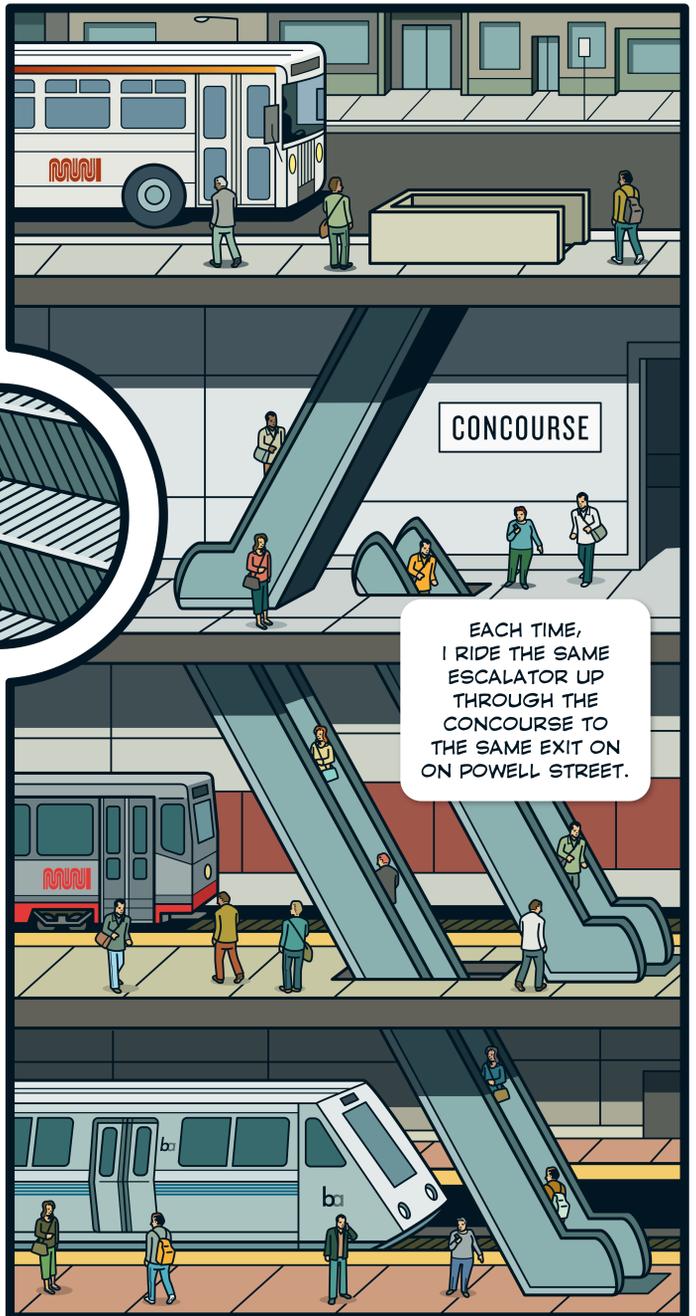


IT WAS ONE OF THOSE SMALL ACTS THAT MAKE YOU LOOK AT EVERYTHING DIFFERENTLY.



AS I LEFT THE STATION AND WALKED TO WORK, I REALIZED I'D NEVER BEEN ON THIS STRETCH OF MARKET STREET BEFORE.

LATER THAT DAY, I LOOKED OUT MY OFFICE WINDOW AND DECIDED TO TRY THE EMBARCADERO STATION FOR MY RIDE HOME.



EACH TIME, I RIDE THE SAME ESCALATOR UP THROUGH THE CONCOURSE TO THE SAME EXIT ON ON POWELL STREET.



ON TUESDAY MORNINGS, MY GRANDMOTHER COMES TO OUR APARTMENT AND TAKES ME FOR THE DAY.

GRANDMA IS ALWAYS ON TIME.

I CAN SEE THE BUS FROM THREE BLOCKS AWAY.

MR. DELGADO IS DRIVING TODAY!

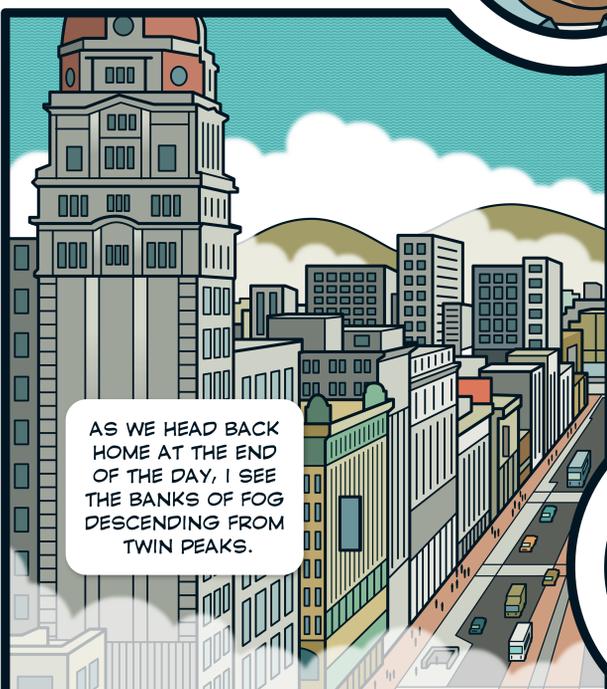
A FOGGY BUS RIDE



MY GRANDMOTHER TAKES MY HAND WHILE WE WAIT TO BOARD THE BUS. MY JOB IS TO HOLD ONTO THE PAPER TRANSFERS.

GOOD MORNING, JEREMY. WOULD YOU LIKE THE TRANSFERS?

HOLD ONTO THEM CAREFULLY, JEREMY.



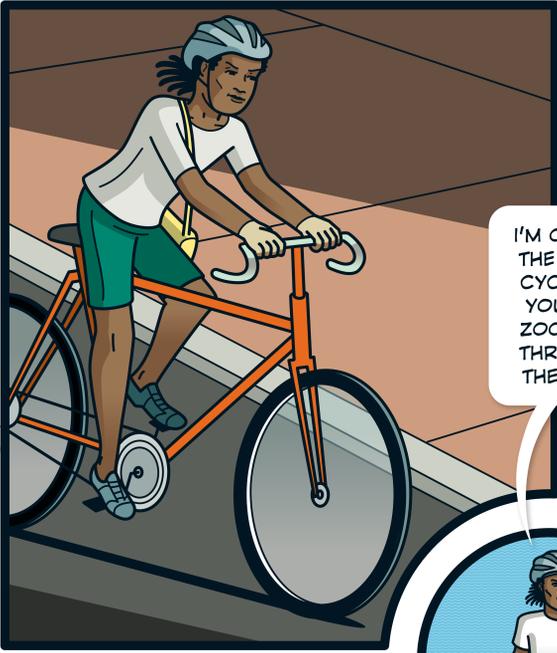
AS WE HEAD BACK HOME AT THE END OF THE DAY, I SEE THE BANKS OF FOG DESCENDING FROM TWIN PEAKS.



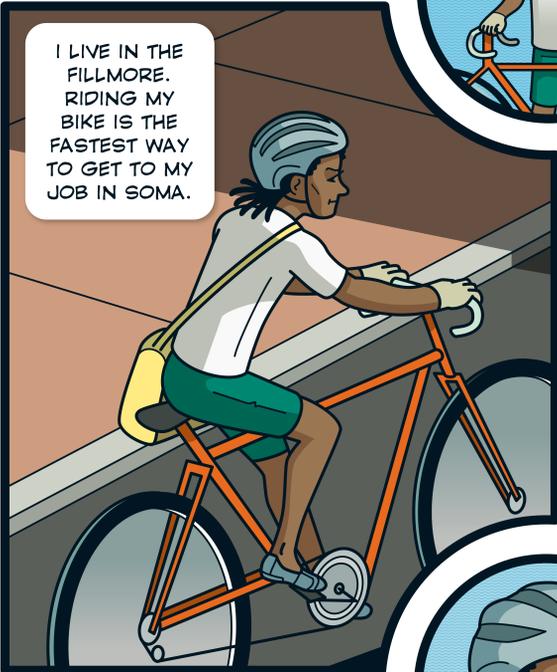
I LOVE LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW AS THE FOGGY STREETS ROLL BY...

...AND I LOVE SPENDING TUESDAYS WITH MY GRANDMA.

FLYING IN THE CITY

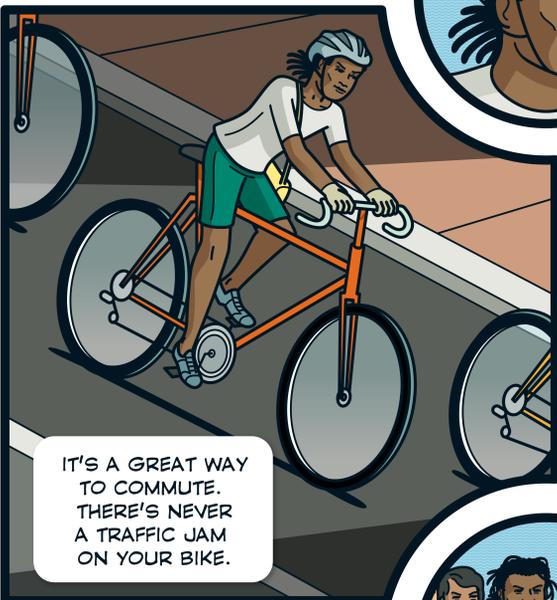


I'M ONE OF THE MANY CYCLISTS YOU SEE ZOOMING THROUGH THE CITY.



I LIVE IN THE FILLMORE. RIDING MY BIKE IS THE FASTEST WAY TO GET TO MY JOB IN SOMA.

ALWAYS WEAR A HELMET!



IT'S A GREAT WAY TO COMMUTE. THERE'S NEVER A TRAFFIC JAM ON YOUR BIKE.

I LOVE RIDING MY BIKE EARLY IN THE MORNING. THE WAY THE SUNLIGHT STREAMS DOWN MARKET STREET TO THE BAY MAKES ME SMILE.

I CHANGE OUT OF MY BIKE GEAR AT THE OFFICE.



MY RIDES LEAVE ME ENERGIZED AND FOCUSED.



EACH MONTH, HUNDREDS OF SAN FRANCISCANS RIDE TOGETHER IN CRITICAL MASS.

IT'S A DIRECT ACTION MOVEMENT THAT BRINGS ATTENTION TO THE NEED FOR SAFER STREETS FOR EVERYONE.

SEEING THE CITY FROM A BICYCLE IS TRULY THE ONLY WAY TO FLY.



MOST NIGHTS, I WALK HOME FROM WORK. USUALLY THAT TAKES ME UP MARKET STREET.

THERE ARE CROWDS OF PEOPLE GATHERED OUTSIDE THE THEATER. THE NIGHTTIME CITY IS COMING ALIVE!



THE EARLY EVENING IS MY FAVORITE TIME OF DAY. THE BUILDINGS HAVE THEIR LIGHTS ON, THE SHOPS ARE OPEN, AND THERE ARE A LOT OF PEOPLE OUT ON THE STREET.

I SOMETIMES STOP AT THE FLORIST ON MY WAY HOME.



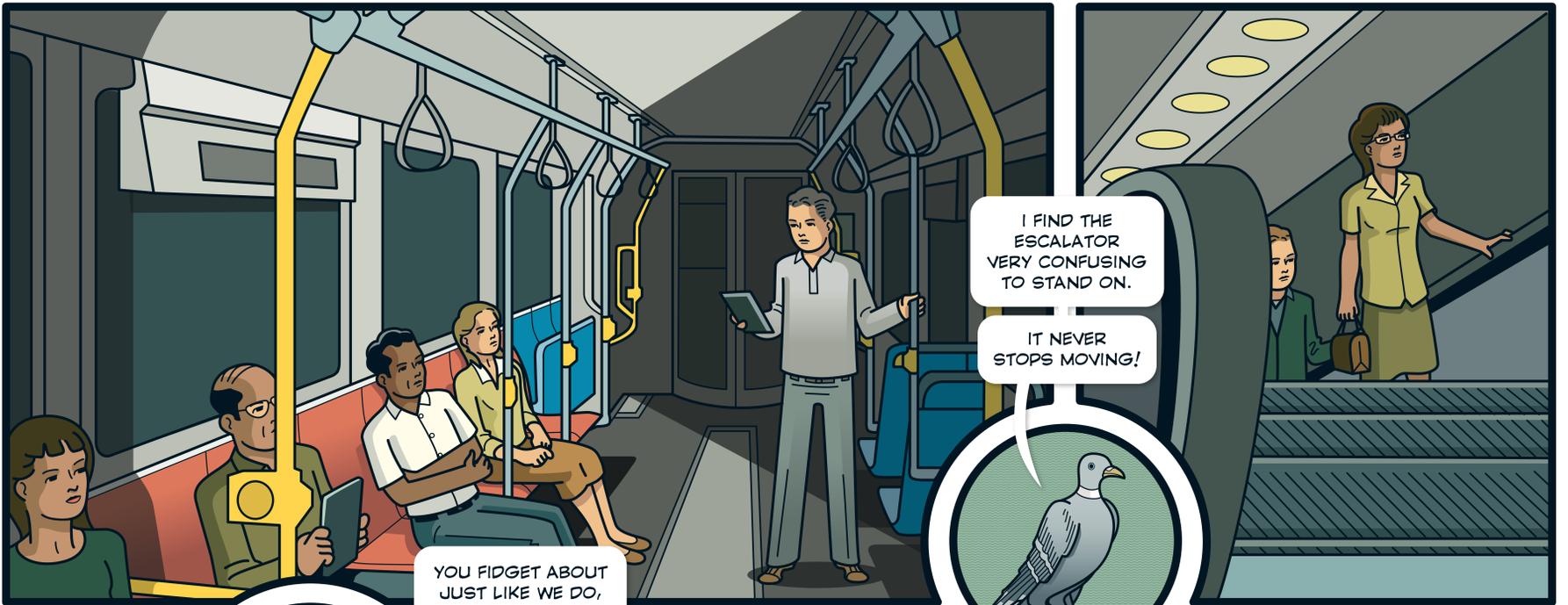
NIGHT WALK ON MARKET STREET

THE HISTORIC STREETLIGHTS ON MARKET STREET DATE BACK TO 1916.

PEOPLE HURRY BY ON THEIR WAY OUT FOR THE EVENING.

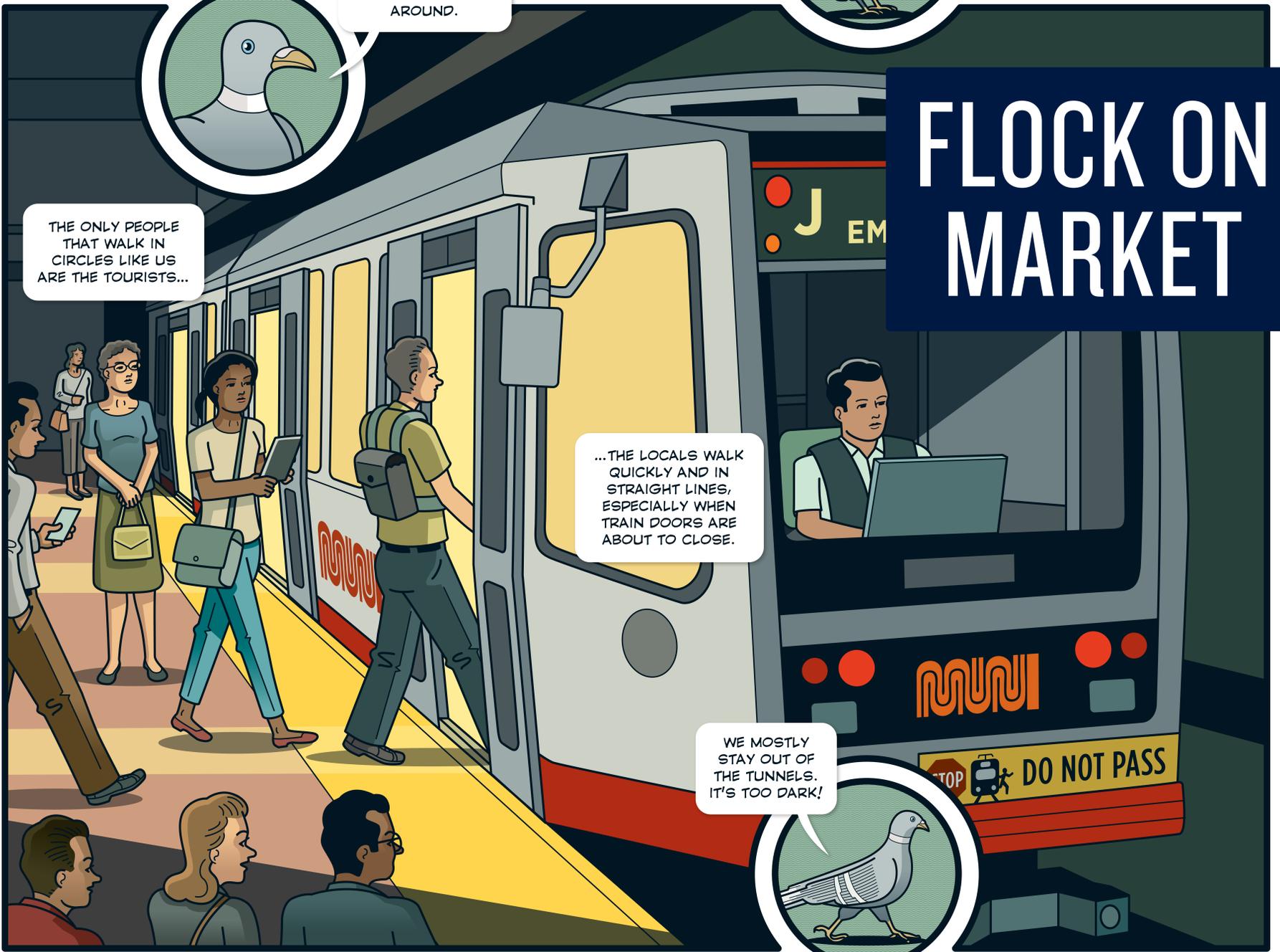


WHEN THEY WERE INSTALLED, THE CHRONICLE'S HEADLINE DECLARED: "SAN FRANCISCO'S NIGHT NOW DAY."



YOU FIDGET ABOUT JUST LIKE WE DO, ALWAYS MOVING AROUND.

FLOCK ON MARKET



THE ONLY PEOPLE THAT WALK IN CIRCLES LIKE US ARE THE TOURISTS...

